CAPESSON AND THE CENTIFICE

\*\*\*CALL PROPERTY\*\*

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CAVESSON'S SUCCESS

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And the second of the second o

the new inspector and his host at breakfast. They were more than a little surprised to see him.

"How do, Dickson?" said Cavesson coolly after he had saluted his superior. "Had a pleasant journey up from Brisbane?"
"So-so," said Dickson. "It's too hot for travelling. Any news of the Centipede?"
"I fancy we should have heard something about it before this if there had been," put in Hablett, vindictively. "When Cavesson catches him I shall expect to hear the church bell going to let us know there's something important on hand."

Cavesson bit his lip, but managed, with an effort, to keep his temper. Pretending to ignore the duestion, he asked Dickson when it would be convenient for him to inspect the station and to take over command, according to the tenor of the Commissioner's letter.

"I am prepared to start as soon as possible," the latter replied. "The sooner the better."

"Will half an hour's time suit you?" asked Cavesson.
"Admirably," returned the other.

Thereupon Cavesson bade him good-by and left the house. At the time arranged Dickson and the Magistrate arrived at the police station. They inspected the charge room, the various offices, the inspector's quarters, and the stables and the harness room, and at last found themselves at the cells.

"What charges have you?" inquired Hablett. "In No. 1 a case of petty larceny," said Cavesson. "In No. 2 a drunken shearer. No. 3, however, is more interesting."

As he spoke he signed to the sergeant to unlock the door.

"Who is the prisoner?" Dickson inquired.

"The Centipede, Cavesson answered simply, and the surprise and chargin he saw on the faces of the two men were sufficient recompense for him for all he had suffered at their hands.

Two hours later the notorious criminal, who had kept the district in such a state of terror

what is called a "vital factor" in the maintent anne of discipline in B wing. When a lady showed an inclination to break out," or took on a brooding fit, or a fit of the sulks, a warder was sent fying to the cell at the ender the wing two beg a ten minutes loan of the baby.

The effect in most cases was magical. The baby had been known to quell an incipient mutiny merely by being exhibited, asleep in the arms of the matron, at the door of each conduct prisoners the mother consenting were allowed to carry it three times around the asphalt paths, or sit with it for a few minutes on the grass bank under the wall. Sometimes the eyes of these women were wet when they gave the baby back, and occasionally one of them would be seen in a full food of tearsall the while she held the baby mewing or babbling in her warms. That was very subtle infant.

But Miss Pocket had never weakened in any way over this dimplies instrument of prison rule. Alone among the ladies of B wing, she had never caresed the baby by word or prison rule. Alone among the ladies of B wing, she had never caresed the baby by word or prison rule. Alone among the ladies of B wing, while the results of the softer passions were when she pulled the prison cast by the tail.

She repeated her request to the astonished warder. To nurse the baby.

"Well, I don't mind, said the warder, "if the mother was not unwilling, seemed, the contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket warder. The mother was not unwilling, seemed, the contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket warder. The mother was not unwilling, seemed, the contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket warder. The mother was not unwilling, seemed, the contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket warder. The mother was not unwilling, seemed, the contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket warder. The mother was not unwilling, seemed, the contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket warder. While was been the solution of the warder when a squad of well-set unite appeared to the word warder. The was not unwill be contrary to the contr

quarters at once.

Tolmer, the baby's mother, did not. "She's all right with him." whispered Miss Tolmer.

'I knew she'd have him presently." But the others were not convinced, and Miss Pocket was considered to be planning a "new dane."

When she had had her turn with the baby the hour's exercise for B wing was up and the party were marched back to work.

Miss Pocket had been promoted from solitary labor in her cell to "associated" employment in the sewing room. It was a favored and favorite department; the work was light, and the general rule of slennee the sorest rule to be borne in prison was not too callously insisted on. The warder in the chair of President had one ear stuffed with wool; gossip in subtones was not reported.

Miss Pocket shared her confidence in the sewing room with two particular intimates—Miss Rodwell, tall, fair and slender, the most testing room with two particular intimates—Miss Rodwell, tall, fair and slender, the most testing room with two particular intimates—Miss Rodwell, tall, fair and slender, the most testing room with two particular intimates—Miss Rodwell, tall, fair and slender, the most testing room with two particular intimates—Miss Rodwell, tall, fair and slender, the most representable of the baby troubled all the sewing room but Miss Pocket saitched and was deaf.

It was saturday and the next day was Sunday. In the middle of the sermon Miss Pocket burst into tears. The matron glanced across at her from her seat under the pulpit.

Such scenes were not uncommon in that sad place of worship. Sometimes a chard rad y was Sunday. In the middle of the sermon, changing the hard present into a kinder past, brought the tears welling silently or with passion into the eyes of some poor captive.

But Miss Rodwell, and Mrs Pringle, discussing it with Miss Pocket was neither sentimental nor hysterical. Miss Rodwell and the baby troubled with the following traditional of a case of lovel them countries of the unpublished story of the landsome foreger and time workers and and her one thought town the second In this defines the mental of the best personal properties of the country, and Mr. and the investment of the china of the country and Mr. and the possibilities of the china of the country and the possibilities of the country of the

fortable with your own man, miss, and no me colinder you.

Then, amid the breaks in another little shower, Miss Pocket instanted a modest resistance of the services she found beered in decisions a sympathies and her respect in the resistance of the services she found beered in decision in her voice, and her handson of indevision in her voice, and her handson of the was all the unfertunate one, that's all.

Warder Winsome are the handson of indevision in her voice, and her handson of the was at her eyes again. Winsome, tellumic years and her handson of the was all the unfertunate one, that's all.

Warder Winsome are the heart was a large "the property was a long to the handson of the was a large "the property was a long to handson of the was greated in the dark."

Though she prided herself on this success, the was generous enough, in the histories which had been given her.

Though she prided herself on this success, which had considered herself on the series of the windson of the was generous enough, in the histories which had been given her.

Though she prided herself on this success, which had considered him to be a series of the warder herself elements had been given her.

Though she prided herself on this success, which had considered him to be a series of the warder herself elements had been given her was a large that the fall was a large was a large was a large was a first offender. It would be either each in him to be a series of the warder herself elements of the warder herself elements and the warder herself elements and the warder herself elements of the warder herself elements and the warder herself elements and

The voice was so loud and clear, and the phrasing so nice, that the words were heard over the greater part of the chanel; and the effect upon the congregation was electrical. The oldest prisoner present had never experienced the like. Nobody laughs aloud at anything that happens in prison, because it entils consequences; but the male side of the chapel granned in a large, quiet way, and on the other side of the baize curtain, where the ladies were, many pairs of eves sought the chaptain's with a furtive gaze of inquiry. Every warder tried to control her own particular charges, but none knew what prisoner it was who had addressed herself to space in that unusual manner.

The governor at morning chapel is generally the deputy governor; and that popular officer looked exceedingly angry, but could say nothing. Nothing, in fact, had happened, for the service went on to its appointed end, and nobody answered Miss Pocket's extravagant aspeal. But Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle word with the deputy governor; and that popular officer looked exceedingly angry, but could say nothing. Nothing, in fact, had happened, for the service went on to its appointed end, and nobody answered Miss Pocket's extravagant aspeal. But Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle were miserably concerned for their riend.

But courage like Miss Pocket's draws support to itself in the sorest situations. The chaplain's countendare, she was no report, for the chaplain, in whon was no tartar, sought Miss Pocket in her cell that same afternoon. He had no idea who had outvoiced the rest of his concerned for the remained no idea who had outvoiced the rest of his concerned for the pringle were miserably concerned for their reind.

Chaple came again, as usual, on the following morning. Nobody looked for any developments in the hymn, and it opened quietly.

But a full first in the story of the chaplain's countenance, she was determined now that he continued to be supported to be supported to the chaplain would go and see the young man himself. The voice was so loud and clear, and the

who walked between them, was as demure as possible.

"Well, you've got a invention, lovey, if ever I see," whispered Mrs. Pringle.

"What price chaplain's report?" said Miss Rodwell.

But there was no report, for the chaplain had no idea who had outvoiced the rest of his congregation.

Chapel came again, as usual, on the following morning. Nobody looked for any developments in the hymn, and it opened quietly:

Brief life is here our portion.

Brief seriow short-lived care.

Then a rather nice tenor voice topped the

when time's up. I'll be there.

This time it made a kind of scare. There was evidently more in it than eye might read and a risk that morning chapel, the chief relaxation of the day, might be suspended. The warders, on their raised seats, scanned every bench, from the governor's gallery to the red baize partition, but gleaned nothing.

"I ain't seen the like since I took service under her blessed Majesty," said Mrs. Pringle at exercise.

exercise record! said Miss Rodwell. "What's the next move, darling?"

But Miss Pocket palphated, and said nothing. She had found her man and her man had found her. She was in the lap of face; prison had transformed itself into a bower of love. There was no hymn at morning chapefor a week, but there were two hymns on Sunday. The first passed without interruption, though there was a teeling in the congregation that any line in any verse might be followed by a novel variant. The third verse of the second hymn made a tempting opening:

Blessings abound where it lie reigns.

Hessing abound where'er He reigns.
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains!
Shrill and clear, as at the first of these mentous matins, rose the woman's voice. When you and me have lost our chains, Address to Windsor Terrace, Staines.

Address to Windsor Terrace, Staines.
As before, no warder was able to trace that errant voice. Miss Pocket's eyes were glued to her hymnbook, and if Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Fringle chuckled above their breath, it was no more than all the other ladies did. This time, of course, an answer was looked for, and it came:

Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King—

And the invisible tenor responded:

It's easy if you come to that.

It's easy if you come to that. But first we'll try the parson's hat.

fortable with your own man, miss, and no was a large 'but'-"how shall I get him an

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My path of life attend.

with this improvisation,

the chaplain would go and see the young man himself.

It was such a case as his reverence had never before encountered, but he continued to besteen the should lay the matter before the matron and the governor (which, of course, he must do), but that he should also see John Stacey.

Curiously or not, Miss Pocket was never pread for the matron of the course, he must do, but that he should also see John Stacey.

Curiously or not, Miss Pocket was never punished. She had been two days confined to her cell when the chaplain visited her again, accompanied by the matron. On the following morning she was closely interrogated by the governor in his office. On the morning after that she stood in the governor's office again, with John Stacey beside her.

Six weeks later the chaplain married the pair in the parish church.

NIGHT SPORT IN THE WOODS. Fun and Profit of Young Pennsylvania Bunt-

READING Pa., Nov. 10 .- "Coon and possum furnished to order" is the sign displayed at the headquarters of the East Reading Coon and Possum Club. The fat of possums, coons, nink, wildcate and skunks is also rendered and sold by the club for various ailments. The skins are salted and sold to a New York fur dealer. The dozen members of the club are young hunters who make long journeys over the mountains of east Pennsylvania in search of game. They never use any sort of conveyance, but make all their trips on foot and are gone a week at a time, doing most of their hunting

and trapping at night.

They own a complete camp outfit with all ooking utensils and at times they get twenty miles away in the Blue Ridge and Sharp Mountain and the high hills and deep ravines between. Harry J. Kemp is captain of the club. All members were born and raised in the hills. Capt. Kemp is only 29, but has been for twenty